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Letter from Mary Rosa, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to her mother, 1911 March 5

Mary Rosa

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11 The Crofton,
Wellesley, Massachusetts,
5 March, 1911.

Dear Mamma,-

I thought of you so much this morning in church, - how you are home once more, and wondering how it seems. I suppose you had communion today too. I was also thinking how, a year ago today, I was in Honeoye Falls and you were in Ralston. It seems such a long while ago. And the next day I went to school with Florence and got some one else's rubbers by mistake, - the same that I'm wearing now. They're worn

absolutely well too.

We were a little late to church and had to sit in the back, so I don't know much about the sermon. The man was someone from Cambridge and he had a rather queer accent. Tonight some lady is to speak on "After Ellis Island, what?" but I don't think we shall go. I haven't missed going in so long that I thought it would be rather nice to stay home.

We had the grandest breakfast this morning that ever happened. Gagie helped buy the stuff and then came up and ate with us. First we had big California navel oranges. Then we had Toasted Corn flakes with real cream, lots of it. Then we had coffee rolls, butter and jelly and some crackers with strawberry jam and muenchster cheese. It was truly regal. I ate so much that I could

hardly get my clothes on.

I bought the Atlantic Monthly for March yesterday and in it noticed a special offer of a three months' trial subscription for fifty cents. I'm going to do it. The single numbers are thirty-five you know.

We had a rehearsal of the last act last night. Miss Swift says she thinks we will have no trouble in putting it on if we speak of it as her play, and send the invitations in her name. We have only two weeks to get ready in, and the other play isn't quite written. Busy? oh my!

I hope Papa's decision does not mean that he does not think you ought to come out. I really do want you very badly and will be much disappointed if you can't come. I think the change would be good for you, besides the pleasure of seeing

the girls, the college, and the play. I keep thinking of things that I want, and it would be so nice to get them all settled before I go home, to save trouble there.

I need some shoes of some kind, but just what, I can't decide. You see, when I dress for dinner I like to put on different shoes, but my old black ones don't look fit, my newer black ones hurt, my old pumps are dilapidated and the bows are off, and my newer pumps are too nice. What kind ^{do} you think I ought to get? It is getting to near spring to buy high ones I think.

Am I going to have a new spring suit? Or wear this thick one all the time? And how about a hat? I need two or three dresses, as I said, and some more underclothes. Also a few white waists (not thick). The skirt of my

sailor suit looks so badly that I hate to wear it; but I suppose a good pressing would help it some.

Oh, please come out and help me get things fixed up. It will save bringing my entire wardrobe home, to be carted around to Honey Falls and Syracuse.

The other day we were in the house where the California girls live. One of them had just received from her father two boxes of oranges. She made us bring home all we could carry (nearly two dozen). We have been living on oranges ever since. Rhoda is an awfully generous girl, which is a good thing. She is the one with the auto you know. Her brother is in Harvard and he has an auto too.

I think I'll finish this up as Esther is going down to the mail.

The season of quizzes and research
themes has again arrived. They certainly
intend to make us work before we go
home. I had a math quiz yesterday.
We begin Trigonometry this week. It
seems so good to be having it again.

With lots of love,
Mary.

P.S. A girl who lives in Chicago had her
father with her at dinner today. Imagine
how happy she looked!

P.S. We kept our milk and cream outside
the window last night and it froze
and had to be thawed out.